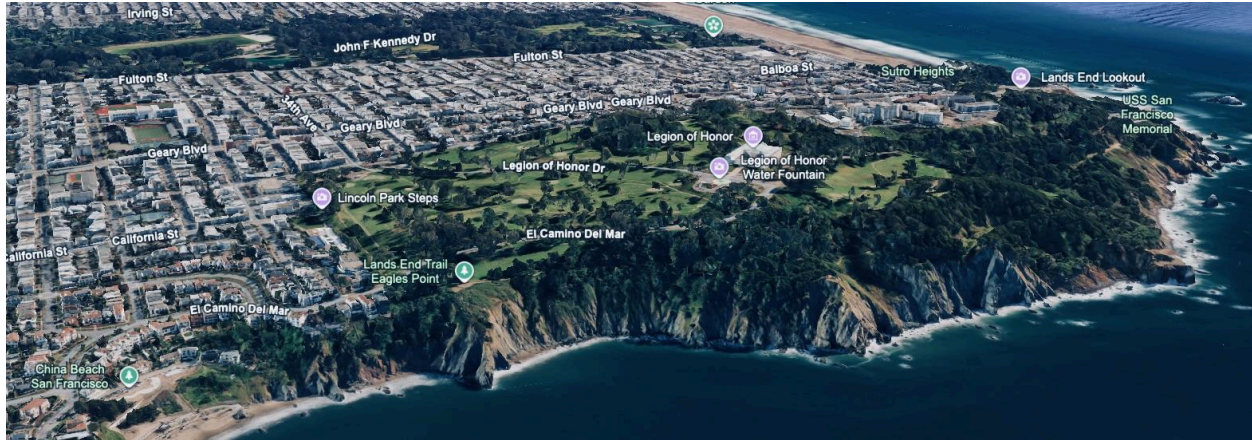


6/19/2026

Everest Report

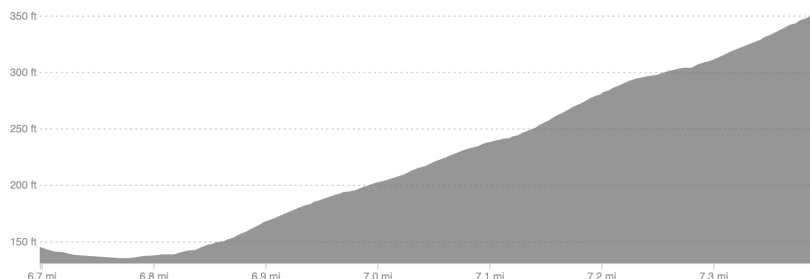
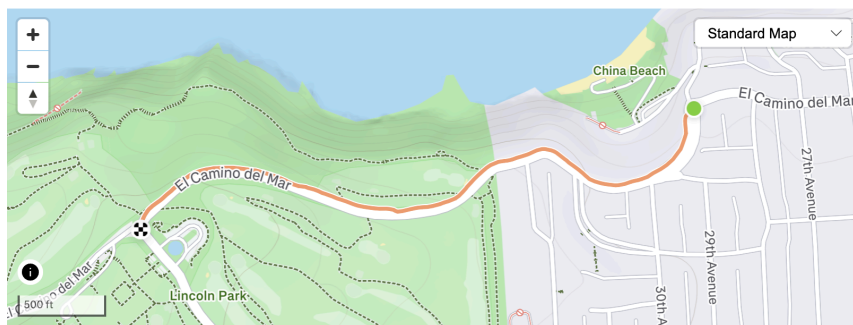
Legion of Honor, San Francisco, CA



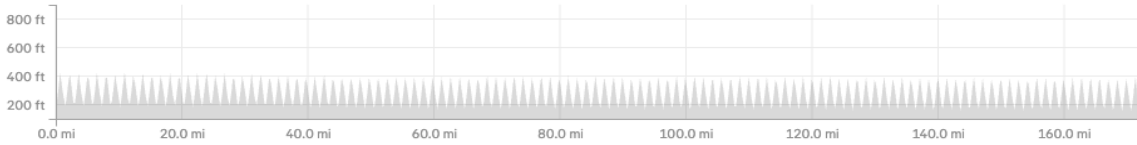
Overview:

“Everesting” is a cycling challenge that involves repeatedly cycling up and down a hill or mountain until the total elevation gain matches the height of Mount Everest – 8,848 meters (29,032 feet). The challenge has gained popularity in the cycling community and has become a global phenomenon. “- Everesting.com

Everesting is a serious challenge and one that I have had the fearful idea of for a few years now. It's difficult on many levels. Physically, mentally, and logistically. I was recently inspired by a good friend who shared a story of doing an Everest in their hometown on a short, steep street, allowing for friends and family to be a part of their summit. Hearing this brought new life to my desire to Everest and got me thinking of doing an attempt in SF, a city full of short and steep streets. I wanted to choose a street that was close to home, had nice views, and had little to no intersections where cars could cause an issue. The northern road up to the Legion of Honor Museum (El Camino Del Mar) came to mind, and on paper was perfect based on my qualifications.



Each lap would be 1.4 miles and 246 feet of elevation gain, climbing up at around 6.7% percent gradient and flying downhill at around 35 miles per hour. Needing 118 laps to complete the attempt.



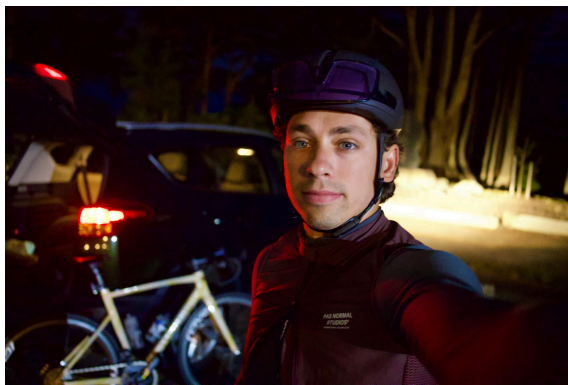
Every year during the summer solstice, I love to do something that honors the longest day of the year.

Prep

Weeks prior, I decided to scout some laps and was pretty content with this choice of road, with each lap taking around 6.5 minutes. It wasn't too steep to climb and pretty quick to get down. However, I was reminded of how poor the road surface is, both up and down the climb. I estimated it would take me anywhere from 13 to 15 hours of riding, knowing that there would be fog, pedestrians, golf carts, and such throughout the day.

I was able to throw some 34mm tires on my Specialized Allez Sprint, carb-loaded, and put together a packing list with items that would turn out to be very helpful.

Everest day



My alarm goes off at 4 am. I look out my window and am surprised to not see any fog, as the previous two mornings consisted of heavy fog rolling by my window. I had packed and loaded the car the night before with hopes to start my attempt before 5 am. Pulling a double shot of espresso and struggling to put down some food I anxiously head out the door. I park at the top of the Legion, unload my bike - I look around in the dark and take a moment and soak it in, turn my lights on, and roll down the hill. In the dark, the road appears less bumpy. I take the hairpin turn at the bottom of El Camino Del Mar and begin my

Everest attempt at 5:00 AM. The first 45 minutes fly by. I find myself extremely focused on the descents and pushing a fast pace up the climb. The sun is rising but it's cloudy and remains dimly lit. There isn't much around me, one or two people out for a walk. I ride past a couple and we all notice an owl fly above us. We share the moment and enjoy it.

At 6 am sharp, I encounter my first car. I hear two cars racing up the road in Sea Cliff. They speed by me, slam on the brakes, and park their cars in front of a house. One of the car's license plate is completely covered with a plaque that has their Instagram handle “@the gorilla hulk”. This guy steps out of his car, hardcore music blasting and yells “FUCK”. This security guard is so jacked he probably can't bend his arms fully — *properly named*. The next hour continues to fly by as more and more construction crews inhabit Sea Cliff for the day, and I start to encounter more early morning walkers and runners enjoying their morning routine.



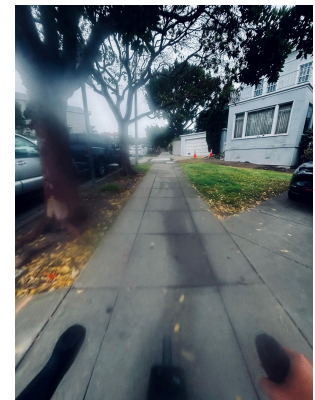
I often bike through Sea Cliff, which is considered one of the most beautiful neighborhoods in the city, home to gorgeous mansions overlooking the Golden Gate and Marin Headlands, I've always dreamed of living there however, I now realize there is constant construction on multiple homes, everyday, 12 hours a day and cannot fathom spending 30 million dollars to live in a construction zone. This would grow to be a real issue for me throughout the day.

I take my first break at 7 am, I'm nineteen laps in and making great time, I set a timer for 8 minutes, collect myself, clip in, and reward myself with some music as I put in my headphones and roll down the hill, two more hours zoom by as I am still very focused; I now know exactly where every pot hole, crack, and bump lay on the road. Things are going smoothly, still faster than anticipated, and the construction workers are starting to notice me and give me looks as I lap up and down through the neighborhood. I enjoyed smiling at them and announcing myself as I cruise by their work trucks purely in hopes I don't catch a ladder or a pole to the face. The first four hours have flown by and I take a much-needed break. This time, setting a 13-minute timer, I set up my chair and elevate my legs, down a mango smoothie and set an additional 10 min timer. I start my next descent and see my good friend Ian in his signature video recording position squatting with his phone nearly parallel to the ground. I holler his name and rip down.

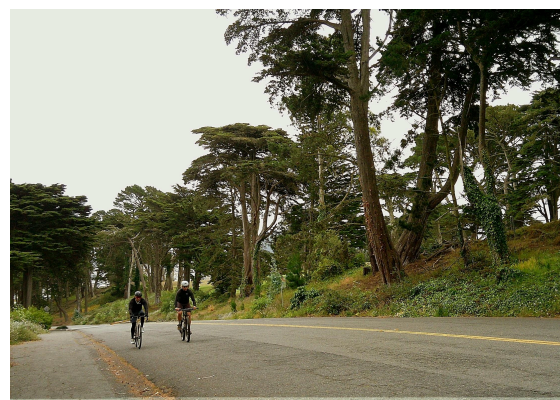


I invited a few friends and family members to join me for a lap or say hi during a break throughout the day, and Ian was the first person to show up. I was rolling very steady and doing well but seeing Ian caused a wave of emotion to come over me and I nearly cried. I was very happily surprised to see my friend here to support. We ripped a few laps together and I crossed over the 7500 ft mark, a quarter of the way down. I am well ahead of schedule. It's not necessarily cold out, about 60 degrees, but it's extremely humid- *you can feel it*. I don't realize it but I am drenched in sweat. This is becoming problematic as I am starting to get very cold and it's affecting my pace and how I feel. I change into new kit and attempt to warm up. A friend swings by on my break and can tell that I'm in the hole a little bit, she says I look pale. I realize she's right and bundle up even more. This honestly saved me from getting to a miserable state. Thanks, Clara.

I continue on. These next couple of hours were probably the most difficult; traffic is picking up, and I've had multiple close calls with construction workers blocking both lanes, blocking the road and honestly being quite inconsiderate to myself and others on the road, being forced to ride on the sidewalk at one point. I understand it's their job, but I was pretty frustrated by their ignorance and lack of human empathy. I did see a pair of workers complete an epic pass of a metal beam 15 feet in the air from the ground to the upper scaffolding. I gave them a shout and they smiled.



Something unexpected that I really enjoyed was just seeing everyone out and about really enjoying the land and beautiful scenery. I'm very happy I chose this route as every lap was different; I saw something new or noticed something different. This helped the time go by as I found myself in maybe the most difficult part of the day, the weather was gloomy, I'd been riding for almost 5 hours and taken a huge chunk out of the mountain, but was a bit discouraged by how much left I had to go (a lot). It had drizzled now for the second time, I was wet and cold and out of dry clothes. I knew that Zach would be joining me soon for an extended amount of time, which I was really looking forward to as he completed his own Everest within city limits up Twin Peaks and would know exactly what I was going through. Zach's help throughout the entire process was tremendous, from me bouncing ideas off him and going over my plan together, to saving the day by bringing me a fresh kit from my home before meeting me and doing nearly 20 laps with me. This really brought the vibes up as I was with one of my best friends and felt safe and comfortable. We rode for a while, took a nice break, and then my sister, Kendall, and brother in-law, Andrew, came by! **I was having a blast.**





The next few hours flew by again. I was fueling properly, warm, and having a nice time. More friends came by to do some laps, take pictures, and hang out while I kept climbing Everest. I even saw my neighbor playing golf, and we heckled each other. Zach departed after I took another break at 3 PM. The sun was out and it felt like a new day, I hit 100 miles which is a milestone within itself but I hadn't even noticed.



Kendall and Andrew returned with my niece and nephew. This was so special, hearing my nephew Parker cheer for me at the top of his lungs brought me to tears again. I really didn't anticipate how much fun and joy I'd experience during this attempt. That was amazing.

I was blessed by a few more celebrity laps and special guests visits. Again, I can't voice how helpful and meaningful each and every one who showed support was to me this day <3

I take my last real break around 6:30, change bibs (game changer) and brush my teeth for the second time (secret weapon). At this point I was a bit behind schedule as my pace gradually slowed down, and I'd taken more breaks than anticipated — I really don't listen to music too much when I ride, especially during hard efforts, I find it distracting and a bit irritating. But it was becoming golden hour, all the cars and construction crews were clearing out for the day, and I threw on some Outkast Instrumentals. I locked in and entered a flow state like no other.

On one ascent I notice @Gorilla Hulk looking at me crazily, “ DAMN man, how long have you been going for?” We had both put in over 12-hour shifts at that point.



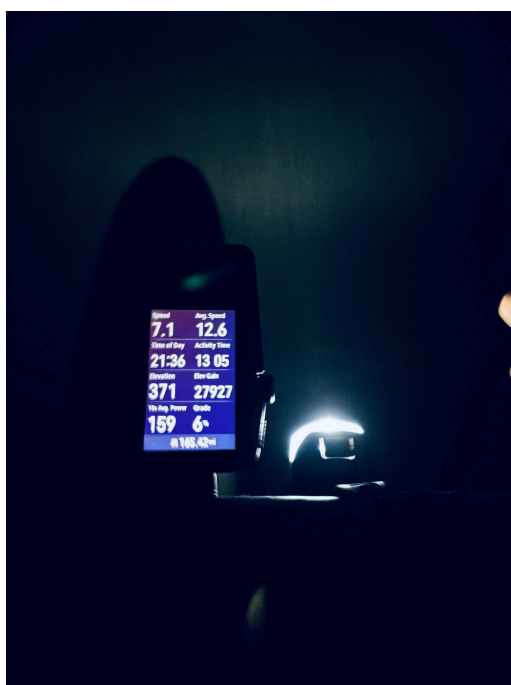
But I still had a lot of work to do. I could feel the momentum building towards the summit, but I remained calm and stayed dialed in. It was now past 8 PM, I had expected to be done by now and still had about 5 thousand feet to climb... I made the realization that I'd be riding into the night.

Andrew is a hero and returned for the third time, bringing me a much-needed front light after mine broke on the bumpy descent. A quick pit stop to layer up, and I continue on, struggling to see but keep doing what I am now extremely experienced at (riding up and down the Legion of Honor).





11 laps to go.



Cresting the hill and seeing my light shine on Andrew as he sits and cheers me on was amazing, kept me fresh and held me accountable. With about 6 laps to go I noticed another silhouette sitting next to Andrew, Zach was back, and that really solidified to me that I was finishing, and would finish strong. The laps became easier the fewer that remained. I start my last lap at 10:10 and can't believe I've been riding in the dark again for over an hour. Time has truly flown by. I perhaps have the most energy I've felt all day, and decide to give the last climb some juice. I am flying up the hill hootin' and hollering to the Golden Gate Bridge, Cypress trees, and any critters that were there with me.

As I approach the top I jokingly shout “I’m feeling pretty good, might go for a double” - *side note if you’re doing a double everest something is wrong with you for real*. I sprint by the guys as they chase me to the finish.

DONE.

I am overcome with joy as is Andrew and Zach. I ride up to the museum as it's beautifully lit in the dark of night, metaphorically and kinda physically the highest I’ve ever been. I post up and am given a bottle of champagne. My first time popping champagne and it couldn't have been more deserving. Laughter and joy fill the night sky as I embrace and celebrate with two of my best friends.



Reflection: I woke up Saturday morning a little bit dazed and confused, wondering if I actually everested or maybe I dreamt it. I am so proud of this accomplishment and feel very loved and supported by my friends, family and community. This was a solo effort but I never felt alone. It's genuinely amazing what the human mind and body is capable of, I knew I was able to do this effort, but to succeed with such confidence and never experience any self-doubt is really incredible. I am weirdly thinking of other places I might want to Everest someday...

Bikes do so much

